

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with a **GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH**, composed expressly for this journal, by M. MOSCHELES.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

"Audi alteram partem."

We would fain allow this subject to drop for the present, and let the two operas alone until the proper time arrives for discussing their merits on the occasion of their actual demonstration. But the press has taken so unexpected a position, and its various organs have argued on either side with such vehemence, and in many cases with such indiscreet betrayal of partiality, that we should be forgetful of our duty towards our readers and the public, were we to refrain from doing our utmost to place the subject in its proper light, and clear away the mist of malaria which has arisen from the unhealthy soil of party feeling to wrap it in obscurity. The plain question stands thus: Mr. Lumley, the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre, by some means or other, with which neither the public nor the press has anything to do, has given such cause of discontent to the principal members, vocal and instrumental, of his company, as to induce them to leave him in a body, and not to stop at this, but to found a rival establishment of their own. Our high opinion of Mr. Lumley, and our sense of the improvements he has effected in the condition and prospects of Her Majesty's Theatre, cannot be doubted. We have never been backward in giving expression to our sentiments on this point, and Mr. Lumley would be the last, we are sure, to tax us with misappreciation of the services he has conferred upon the public in his capacity of director of the largest and most important musical theatre in the world. But were we to consult exclusively the interest of Mr. Lumley, or any other servant of the public, we should derogate from the duty which we owe to our readers, who expect, and have an imperative right to expect from us the truth, unadulterated by personal prejudice of any kind whatsoever. This we shall endeavour to do. We have nothing to expect from either party, and hold in very small account the attempts of certain active denizens of one of the parties to injure us by studious vituperation of *The Musical World* in quarters accessible to their insinuations. We court neither, prefer neither, and fear neither. Our principal object in this paper is to show that both suffer from the mistaken zeal of certain of their adherents, and the violent and injudicious method of its expression. We shall from week to week, until the Operas commence proceedings, devote a portion of our space to extracts from the various journals which take an interest in the subject; and by a comparison of their opinions and asseverations, we shall hope to arrive at the truth, so as to be enabled to lay it before our readers naked and bare for their consideration. With this promise we unite another, viz., that throughout our discussion

of this engrossing and, in some respects, unpleasant topic, we shall be influenced by no personal considerations whatever.

Last week we gave a detailed account of a written prospectus which had been politely forwarded to us by Mr. Lumley. Since then this prospectus has been printed and advertised in the public journals, with the solitary exception of the *Morning Chronicle*. Why the *Morning Chronicle* was excepted may readily be devined by those who have remarked the style in which that journal, during the last twelve months, or thereabouts, has descanted on the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. The publication of this prospectus has however been the signal for a charge of literary artillery from the adherents of either side. It may be as well, in a few words, to inform our readers, all of whom may not be acquainted with the subject, what policy the various influential journals pursue in respect of this mooted question. The *Times*, with the acumen and the spirit of independence which are its characteristics, enters in no way into the controversy; and in giving the outline of Mr. Lumley's programme confines itself to a simple statement of facts, or such as it has every right to consider facts, there being no conceivable reason why Mr. Lumley's pledges to his patrons and the public should be doubted. The *Herald*, with a like feeling, has even gone further than the *Times*, in accompanying its announcement of the opera prospectus by a declaration of impartiality which we transferred to our pages last week. The *Daily News*, following the same line of policy, has put forth a like reprobation of party feeling, which has also appeared in the pages of this journal. But now comes the other side of the question: The *Athenæum*, a journal respectable from the talent with which it is edited, and influential from its position and circulation, has by the general tone of its articles about the opera created an impression by no means favourable to its impartiality. The unmingled disapproval which it bestowed on all Mr. Lumley's efforts last season, to say nothing of the biting and sarcastic vein of doubt and ridicule in which it discourses of the prospects of the coming season, leaves small room for belief that the musical critic of the *Athenæum* is in any way favourable to Her Majesty's Theatre. Still we are bound to add, that this evidence of acrimonious feeling towards the old establishment is joined to no puffing or inflated eulogy of its rival. One word must dismiss the two journals which remain to be signalized—the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*. These are purely and unconditionally partisans, the former, of Mr. Lumley's establishment, the latter of his opposers. The talent and industry evinced by these journals in the discussion of the question is as nearly as possible equal.

With these preliminaries let us proceed to state the occurrences of the week. The *Chronicle*, as our readers are aware, replied to the prospectus of Mr. Lumley, and the comments thereupon of certain journals, by an article in which

the advertised engagement of Jenny Lind and the promised opera of Mendelssohn were treated (to quote the *Chronicle* phraseology) as "mere moonshine." In Saturday's *Times* however, appeared the following:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—By letters from Vienna we are enabled to announce, that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind will leave that capital in February, in order to arrive in London early enough to prepare for her debut at the reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre after Easter. As to the claims made by Mr. Bunn on this distinguished artiste, whatever their merits may be, they only apply to a specific period long past. We have reason to believe that an offer has been made in the most fair and honourable manner to enter into an investigation of any demands for compensation that Mr. Bunn can possibly have."

That Mr. Bunn regarded the offer referred to in a very different light may be gathered from the fact of his having addressed a letter to the public journals in which he applies to it the expressive epithet "contemptible," and asserts his determination to reject it and any other that might be made. This letter appeared in our last week's impression. Touching the other point, the opera of Mendelssohn, the following remarks appeared in the *Times* of Monday, when the prospectus of Mr. Lumley, which had previously only been seen by the representatives of the public press in a written form, had been officially advertised in the columns of that journal.

"The official publication of the programme for the approaching season confirms all that was published in this journal, and, of course, sets at nought the doubts which have been uttered because the statements of Thursday last were not officially made. With respect to a conjecture set afloat that a translation of Shakspeare's *Tempest* would not be acceptable to Dr. Mendelssohn as a subject for an opera, it may be mentioned that there is in London a letter from the eminent composer, in which he expresses his great satisfaction at M. Scribe's poem, accompanied with sundry suggestions. It is just the sort of letter that would come from a person actually at work on a subject. With respect to the appearance of Jenny Lind, we have, on the one hand, the positive and official assurance of the fact by the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, and on the other hand, the statement, confirmed by Mr. Bunn, that she is under a contract with that gentleman which will prevent her appearing elsewhere than at Drury-lane. It is not our office to give legal opinions, but it seems to us very doubtful whether the existence of a contract with one manager could prevent the appearance of a performer at the theatre of another, and whether an affair of the sort might not be readily settled by paying into court a sum which a jury might consider a fair compensation. In other words, it seems a matter of *damages*, and not of *injunction*. Moreover, it is said by some parties that the contract only refers to a period long past, and has nothing to do with this year, 1847. This is of course an affair for lawyers to consider, but the fact of the discussion shows the very great importance which is attached to the engagement of Jenny Lind, even by those who can scarcely be considered favourable to Her Majesty's Theatre. In a letter, dated January 7, she notifies her intention of leaving Vienna in February, in order to arrive in London in March. We are informed that Coletti, whose engagement is mentioned in the programme as under negotiation, is now actually engaged. On his account, it is said, Verdi's opera, *I due Foscari* will be produced very early in the season."

It will be remarked that the *Times* merely intends to convey in this, that the doubts thrown by certain parties upon the genuineness of the prospectus were set at rest by its official publication in a printed form in the advertising sheets of the morning papers. The writer, moreover, though insinuating that a letter from Mendelssohn on the subject of the opera spoken of was in London, does by no means state the fact of having seen that letter, which proceeding from so grave an authority as the *Times*, would have settled the question definitively. Nor does the *Times*, while informing its readers that a letter from Jenny Lind, "dated Jan. 7, notifying her intention of leaving Vienna in February, in order to arrive in London in March," at all pledge itself that she is coming to Her Majesty's Theatre, which is not precisely synonymous with the fact of her coming to London. Information from the *Times* is information—that all the world believes. No one can therefore blame it for being guarded and chary of its

announcements. In the meantime the *Chronicle* is not idle, but endeavours to strengthen the position it has assumed by further argument, in the form of letters, and extracts from letters, with comments thereupon. That *somebody* must be wrong is sufficiently evident from the contents of the document. But let us give them in order. On Monday we read, with no little astonishment, the following remarks in the *Chronicle*, which prefaced a letter from Mr. Bunn to Jenny Lind, that we shall cite further on.

"JENNY LIND.—It is with great gratification we are enabled to announce to our readers, that the great obstacle to the appearance in this country of Jenny Lind has been removed, and that there can now be no reasonable doubt as to her *début* being made at Drury Lane in due course, the lessee having in the handsomest manner consented to her singing either in German or Italian, at her option. Although this important concession will subject Mr. Bunn to a considerable increase in his nightly expences, and he might at once have realised a considerable sum without any risk, we think that he has displayed a proper feeling in thus keeping faith with the public, after he has announced in two successive seasons the advent of the Swedish nightingale, whom we sincerely congratulate on this happy result. Jenny Lind will indeed be delighted to have the opportunity of proving that her alleged reason for not having up to this moment fulfilled the contract with Mr. Bunn, signed in January, 1845, in the presence of the Earl of Wesmorland, our minister in Berlin, was really true, that she was unable to conquer the difficulties of the English language, and that no mercenary considerations of a more lucrative contract had entered her mind. Next to the delight of admiring the genius of an artist, there is always the additional pleasure of being able to acknowledge the value of character. Good faith, honour, and punctuality in the observance of dealings with managers, are a guarantee that artists will not disappoint the public. The game of outbidding is always a dangerous one, both for manager and artist, as was proved signally in the case of Gardoni, the tenor, who was bought off from Milan for Paris, and from Paris in turn for London, and if he were worth the purchase, might no doubt be secured for any other lyrical capital."

We agree with the last paragraph entirely, considering that an engagement should not only be legally but honourably binding. Managers will henceforth have no confidence whatever in celebrated artists, if a compact made with them on liberal terms can, ere completed, be violated at caprice. But this by the way. From all the preceding remarks we expected at least to peruse a document which should place the advent of Jenny Lind to Drury Lane beyond all question. How we were disappointed in reading what follows, may be easily imagined. "We subjoin," pursues the *Chronicle*, a copy of Mr. Bunn's letter to Jenny Lind, and in a few days her name will doubtless appear in the Drury Lane bills officially." The letter is as follows:—

"London, January 23, 1847.

"MADAME.—The manager of Her Majesty's Theatre has this day issued a programme of his season's arrangements, a copy whereof I enclose you, at the head of which you will find your own name. Although, in common with others, I have little faith in any prospectus issued from that theatre, it is necessary I should bring the circumstance to your knowledge. For my own part, I do not believe you have signed any but a conditional engagement with the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, deeming it impossible that an artiste of such celebrity and character could visit this country liable to the consequences of two attested contracts, and prepared to forfeit the one for the larger offer subsequently held out in the other. As it is alleged that the proposed violation of your engagement with me is based upon your inability to master the English language, I repeat the offer contained in my letter of the 20th of last March, that you sing in either German or Italian, and thus remove any objections, on your part, to your appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre. I have resolved to repudiate any offer of a compromise, not based on the important condition of your *début* in England taking place in this theatre; as well to enable me to keep faith with the public, as to silence the groundless representations resorted to by the friends of Her Majesty's Theatre. I therefore trust, that having got rid of all impediment, you will apprise me by the first post of the precise time I may expect you, to enable me to make every necessary preparation. I am, Madame, your very obedient servant,

"A. BUNN."
"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, Vienna."

Which merely goes to say, that Mdle. Jenny Lind may sing at Drury Lane if she please, and choose her own language, be it German or Italian. No one doubted it. But does this letter at all warrant the introductory remarks of the *Chronicle*? Most assuredly no! The *Chronicle* then proceeds to say:—

"We might break off here, but as it is declared by a contemporary that Jenny Lind had resolved to come to London and set Mr. Bunn's conduct at defiance, we reprint her own letter on the subject, printed in our columns Jan. 7, 1846, the original of which is in French:—"

and accordingly the letter is printed in full, or rather a translation thereof. Here it is:—

"How shall I reply for so much kindness? You will tax me with ingratitude, but I hope that your opinion of my good faith will not be affected. I have written to Mr. Bunn to request him, as a favour, to return my signature, and to free me from a promise which it is impossible for me to keep. I admit that I was wrong to allow myself to be persuaded that the English language would be easy enough for me to appear on the stage. I am now convinced of the utter impossibility of such an attempt, and I hope that Mr. Bunn is gentleman enough not to seek to profit by the circumstances which led to that fatal signature—my position in respect to M. Meyerbeer, whose opera (the *Camp of Silesia*) was the principal condition. Truly I was teased, surprised, and I signed, not knowing how and what, between the acts of the opera, under the influence of my part. Finally, if I have made a blunder (*bévue*), I cannot be the victim of a counsel as destructive as it was inconsiderate. Never shall I be enabled to sing in English; my habits (*dispositions*) are opposed to it; but if ever I had sufficient confidence to believe myself capable of being able to sing at the Italian Opera, at the Queen's Theatre, you may believe in my word of honour that the affair of Drury Lane would prevent me from doing so. I must deplore the enthusiasm which caused me to sign the promise to appear there, for it deprives me for ever from the happiness of seeing your fine country, and to seek for the suffrages of a great people. May I then request you to exercise your influence with Mr. Bunn to relieve me from a burthen which weighs on my mind and saddens me? I repeat to you that I do not calculate on signing any other engagement in England. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, your very humble servant,"

"JENNY LIND."

"Copenhagen, Oct. 18, 1845."

To which the *Chronicle* annexes the following paragraph in eulogy of the Swedish nightingale's unbroken faith:—

"We can only add to the above explicit declaration, that from every authentic information which has reached us respecting Jenny Lind's intentions, she has much to her honour, invariably confirmed the resolution she has so forcibly expressed in her letter, not to sing in London until Mr. Bunn's contract was placed in her hands."

But the *Chronicle* overlooks the fact that he is writing in the year 1847, January 23, and that the letter of Jenny Lind is dated 1845, October 18, which makes all the difference in the world, the long interval which has elapsed since, without any signs of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's anxiety to fulfil her engagement proving beyond question her indifference, or her regret for having accepted it.

But on this point we have more to advance in another place. Not content with the above, the *Chronicle* attacks the Mendelssohnian feature of Mr. Lumley's programme, with even more vehemence, in the next day's paper. After quoting some remarks of his own, which appeared in our number of last week, and some counter-remarks from his opponent, the *Morning Post*, and one of its constant satellites, the *Sunday Times*, the critic introduces to his readers, with an appropriate preparatory flourish, the following most startling letter from Mr. Buxton, Mendelssohn's "confidential agent and publisher in London:—"

"72, Newgate-Street, Jan 23, 1847.

"Dear Sir—You may, if you like, flatly contradict every word the *Post* and the *Times* have put forth respecting Mendelssohn having made any arrangement with the Italian Opera House. Up to the 16th of January he had neither seen a *libretto* nor written a note towards an opera; and he is the last man in existence to make an engagement without being sure he can keep it. As far as Mendelssohn is concerned it is all fabrication. It even depends on my letter, which I have written

to-day, whether he comes over this year or not.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, E. Buxton (B. Wks. and Co.)"

That the above letter is somewhat difficult to get over no one can deny, who is aware of the extreme intimacy that exists between Mr. Buxton and Dr. Mendelssohn. The following day, however, we sent at an early hour for our *Post*, expecting to find in its columns some kind of statement which, while it shamed the *Morning Chronicle*, would set the matter entirely at rest. Judge of our astonishment on reading what follows:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The only notice we think it necessary to take of the barefaced assertion of a morning contemporary, in which our authority is called into question, is, that what we stated in reference to the programme of Her Majesty's Theatre, was founded upon documents of the most clear and undoubted nature. As regards the falsehoods published, they are parts of the wretched system unblushingly adopted last year, and which was ultimately exposed, so as to deprive the concoctions of those parties of all character, and end it. That it should have increased tenfold in virulence, at the present juncture, does not surprise us; but what does astonish us is, that any hope should be entertained, after the innumerable exposures, that it should this season meet with the gullibility necessary to give it currency. The amazing part of this affair is, that the natural tendency of these malevolent inventions and intrigues is to excite an interest in, and to do good to the very parties attacked."

We very much query the latter part of this article, in reference to the "interest excited." That curiosity is excited, and in no small degree, we cannot doubt—curiosity to know which of the two parties has had the boldness to place itself in an equivocal position before the public. The season's events will decide the question, and at the end either the *Chronicle* or the *Post* must hide its head in shame.

In respect to the difficulty with Jenny Lind, our opinion differs from the general one. Having no possible right to doubt the promises contained in Mr. Lumley's prospectus, a document on the truth of which depends not merely his faith as a manager, but his honor as a gentleman, we profess our entire belief of every word it contains, and feel confident that the indecision of the celebrated songstress depends altogether on a timidity and nervousness which are very natural in her position. She has in some degree compromised her great patron, Meyerbeer, in the Drury Lane affair; and it is not at all to be wondered at that she should dread being received in England by opposition from a set party, no matter on what grounds, which would most probably be the case if she sang at Her Majesty's Theatre previously to the claims of Mr. Bunn being satisfied, by law or by compromise. Jenny Lind is wise enough to know that even a partial failure in England would be almost a death-blow to her on the continent, and she is perfectly justified in holding back until all danger of opposition be smothered. Her talent must have full and fair play, and if it be as magnificent as Germany declares, her triumph will be certain, and Mr. Lumley's enterprise rewarded. The same feeling which prevents us from entertaining any doubts whatever about the engagement of Jenny Lind, inspires us, in the face of Mr. Buxton's letter, with equal confidence in the promised opera of Mendelssohn, the most splendid feature in the prospectus. It is possible that Mr. Buxton may be mistaken, but it is not probable that Mr. Lumley would take so great a liberty with the illustrious composer, as to use his name without his authority; especially since the non-fulfilment of the pledge given to the Opera subscribers would compromise the honour of Mendelssohn no less than that of the manager of the establishment. This would indeed be an ungrateful return for all the favours which the English public has so lavishly heaped upon the composer of *Elijah*. No—Mr. Lumley is too wise, too prudent,

and too much of a gentleman thus to commit himself. The name of Mendelssohn cannot, like that of a modern Italian, be made the pivot of a job, or the commodity of a market. With this belief, we reiterate our approval of Mr. Lumley's programme, and our assurance of his success. The error of those who doubt the candour of the Opera proceedings must be traced to a mistaken notion of making the director of that establishment answerable for the absurd philippics of certain of his literary champions.

We had intended to have examined the article on Mr. Lumley's prospectus which appeared in the *Morning Post*, but on reflection it would be waste of time and space. Such an odd, incoherent jumble cannot possibly be hurtful to the Opera, since the satire it contains will utterly escape the majority of readers. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing our astonishment, that the name of Mr. Balfe, the conductor, should have been overlooked by the writer, in an article which condescends to mention the very meanest of the subordinates, in the minuteness of its detail. Surely Mr. Balfe is entitled to some distinction at the Opera, not merely as the director of the orchestra, but as Mr. Balfe, the composer. In forgetting him, the *Post* has committed, at least, a blunder.

THE NEW THEATRE IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

The *Morning Post* of Thursday contains an article, in which is set forth the names of several noblemen who have subscribed largely to the erection of the new theatre in Leicester Square. The only portion of the article to which we attach any importance is contained in the following sentence:—"A further sum of from £25,000 to £30,000 will be necessary for its completion." We have not the slightest doubt of this. The sum mentioned would go very near completing the building of a theatre of the size laid down in the article of the journal. We can therefore imagine that the lordly money subscribed amounts to little or nothing. It is ridiculous to fancy that a home for the legitimate drama is required in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. Mr. Webster has accomplished everything requisite to sustain the legitimate drama at his theatre, and he is not always successful. He engages the best actors in the country, he employs the most established authors, he leaves nothing undone to uphold the character of the Haymarket Theatre, which is at present the only temple of the west end set apart for the highest order of dramatic entertainment, and yet Mr. Webster does not roll in gold. He succeeds because he provides entertainments excellent in their kind, and admirably represented; but he does not always meet all the success he merits. Another theatre!!! We shall believe it when we witness its first performance. Like Thomas, we must touch to be persuaded.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From the *Birmingham Journal*, January 23.)

SINCE our last Madame Bishop has appeared at the Theatre in the characters of *Isoline* and *Amina*. On Tuesday a full house applauded to the echo the brilliant vocalism of the fair cantatrice, and as she was supported by the respectable acting and singing of Mr. King, she appeared to far greater advantage than on the first evening. Other engagements prevented our attendance on Thursday night, when she appeared in the character of *Amina*, in the opera of "Sonnambula." We understand, however, that it was a highly finished performance. In the ornate portions of the music, her voice showered down floods of brilliant notes; her pathos was no less remarkable, and the finale was the

essence of musical voluptuousness. Last night she again essayed the part of *Isoline*, and with still greater success than before. In the desert scene, particularly, her expressive energy, and the modulation of her voice, were heard to great advantage. Nothing could exceed the play of her feelings as she gazed on the arid waste, and supported the inanimate form of her affianced. Wailing in accents of despair, yet ever and anon bursting forth in a transport of hopeful rapture, she alternately gave expression to the gloomiest fears and passionate devotion with power, and truth, and purity. What a fine conception is displayed in the strength which she preserves while her lover is insensible, and in the reaction that follows; and how well does her voice express the heart-sinking, the burning thirst, the love, "strong in death," and the faint dull glimmering of the lamp of life as it wavers, and sinks, and flashes into momentary brilliance, before it is quenched for ever. This was a powerful scene, fitly finished by her matchless execution of the gorgeous finale. Certainly the lady is justly entitled to a high place in the role of song; may we hope that she will again delight us with her graceful and bewitching warblings.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You may rely upon what the *Birmingham Journal* has stated of Madame Bishop's success. There is not a word of it exaggerated. She has become one of the greatest favourites with the Birmingham folk they have had for years. Madame Bishop sung on Monday the 18th instant at Lichfield: on Tuesday the 19th at Birmingham, where she repeated to a crowded audience *The Maid of Artois*: on Wednesday the 24th she sang in a concert at Shrewsbury: on Thursday in *La Sonnambula* at Birmingham, with immense success: on Friday also at Birmingham in the *Maid of Artois*. On Saturday she appeared at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where she obtained a complete ovation. She was greeted at each *entrée* with three rounds of applause and was encored in all her songs. After the concert, when Madame Bishop was stepping into her carriage, she was greeted with cheers by the members of the Philharmonic Choral Society, who assisted at the concert. From all I have heard from several gentlemen connected with the musical profession, it is my belief that Mr. Simpson has not acted with a judicious view to his own interests. He is acknowledged to be a very able theatrical manager, but entirely innocent of making arrangements for concerts. Instead of securing the aid and good will of the local publishers and professors in the different towns where Madame Bishop was engaged, he proceeded entirely on his own individual strength without any assistance from, and often against the interests of musical societies, and the consequence was, that great as was the attraction of Madame Bishop, it was not so great as it might have been made by skilful management. Madame Bishop's success could not have been greater. Mr. Simpson is blamed by all acquainted with the ways and means of regulating concerts for the want of tact he has displayed in his new management. It is to be hoped he will gather knowledge from experience. In conclusion, I can assure you, without any exaggeration of criticism, that Madame Bishop has excited a great *furor* in all her performances.

MEMOIR OF PALESTRINA.

(Continued from our last.)

THE reputation of Palestrina spread rapidly with the publication of his first book of masses. Each succeeding effort seemed but to strengthen and confirm his genius. It was about this period that the ecclesiastical authority resolved to

work a reform in church music, which was by most considered indispensable. A few words respecting the abuses which had originated the notion of this reform may not be here out of place. The composition of entire masses and motets upon an old chant, or a profane melody, was introduced by music writers for the church about the thirteenth century, as one may see in the motets of Adam de la Hale for three voices. This custom was carried to such ridiculous extent, that while three or four voices sang in fugued counterpoint the *Kyrie-Eleison*, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, or the *Credo*, the person who chanted the melody gave the ancient words, or even those of the French or Italian *Chanson*, sometimes sufficiently gross and lascivious. The French and Belgian musicians were especially fond of this kind of composition, not having been acquainted with any other for almost two centuries, and had introduced the taste for it into the pontifical chapel, when the seat of the church government was at Avignon. When the translation of the government to Rome took place, the French, Gallo-Belgic, and Spanish singers followed the papal court, and prepared the Italians to march upon their footsteps. The first schools of music in Italy were established by foreign musicians, who taught their principles to their scholars. The scholars naturally were led to adapt themselves to the style and manner of their masters. Certain vulgar melodies had obtained so much celebrity, that every composer of note of the period, yielding to the popular demand, deemed it indispensable to take one or other of them as a theme for a mass or a motet—more than fifty musicians having written masses upon the famous *Chanson, L'Homme Arme*. Palestrina did not escape the contamination of the school in which he was educated. He likewise had recourse to the same *Chanson*, and upon it he wrote a mass for five voices, the fifth of his third book, in which he expended the greatest researches on the proportions of notation. This mass, a veritable musical enigma, put many musicians of the sixteenth century to the torture, and gave rise to the long commentaries of Zacconi in his *Prattica di Musica*, and of Cerone in the twentieth book of his *Melopea*, to explain the system. The mass was not published till 1570; nevertheless it bears the stamp of having been written long previously; since after having laboured from 1563 to reform these monstrous abuses and insane subtleties of music, and having given in others of his ecclesiastical works, models of perfection, we cannot well believe that he would have fallen back upon his rejected errors seven years after.

The ridiculous and indecorous medley of profane and sacred music became an object of censure to the Council of Bale, and subsequently to the Council of Trent. The assembly of the latter having been closed in the month of December, 1563, the Pope, Pius the Sixth, nominated the cardinals, Vitellozzi and Borromée, who joined with themselves eight members conversant with musical affairs, principally selected from the choir of the pontifical chapel. At the first meeting of the commission it was resolved—first, that for the future the choristers should refrain from singing masses or anthems in which words of different construction were used; and, secondly, that masses written on themes of profane songs should for ever be banished from the churches. In France, where the decrees of the Council of Trent were treated with contempt, musicians still persisted for more than twenty years in following the old custom in their church music; but in Italy, and more immediately in Rome, the enactments of the commission were strictly enforced. But as yet there existed no models for the musician, if we except the masses called *Sine Nomine*, if such could be called models. These *Sine Nomine* masses, moreover, were overcharged with puerile researches of counterpoint, which

darkened or annihilated the sense of the sacred context. The cardinal, chosen by the pope to execute the decrees of the Council, particularly insisted upon the necessity of rendering these texts intelligible. They proposed as models for imitation the *Te Deum* of Constant Festa, and, above all, the *Improperii*, written by Palestrina. The singers of the pontifical chapel replied, that these unskilful *morceaux* could not supply a standard for their masses, from which neither figured counterpoint nor canons could be banished. The discussion was only terminated by a resolution highly honourable to Palestrina, and which proves that the superiority of his talent was at that time acknowledged beyond dispute, it being resolved that they should solicit the master to compose a mass, which should both combine the majesty of the divine service, and fulfil the exigencies of the art, such as they demanded at this epoch. If he attained the end proposed, music would be preserved for the church; in the contrary case, a resolution would have followed, which would probably have reduced all sacred music to the simple *sing-song* chant. Palestrina was far from being dismayed at the responsibility imposed on his genius. Moved with a holy enthusiasm, he composed three masses for six voices, which were heard for the first time at the house of the Cardinal Vitellozzi. The two first were considered beautiful; but the third excited the most intense admiration, and was considered by all who heard it as one of the most delightful inspirations of the human mind. From that time it was resolved that music should be preserved in the pontifical chapel, and in the churches of catholic worship; and that the masses of Palestrina should become models for all compositions of the same class. The third mass, which was received with such enthusiasm, was published by Palestrina, in the second book of his masses, under the title of *Missa Pope Marcelli*. This name, bestowed by the composer on his work, has given rise to an anecdote recorded by Bevardi, and many other writers, in which they inform us that, in consequence of the defective state of music, Marcellus the Second desired to banish it from the churches, and that Palestrina had prayed him to suspend his judgment until he had heard this mass; and that after he had heard it, the pope immediately altered his determination. The few days occupied by the pope in possession of the apostolic seat renders this history of small probability: in addition, M. Baini furnishes proofs of that which he relates, with respect to the Council of Trent, concerning choral music. If we admit the anecdote of Pope Marcellus, we must suppose that Palestrina had twice preserved religious music from the anathema with which it was threatened, which is hardly to be admitted. The motive which induced him to confer the name of Pope Marcellus on this mass is then unknown; but that is of little importance. It is certain, that Pope Pius the Fourth, after hearing this beautiful production on June 9, 1565, remunerated Palestrina by nominating him composer to the pontifical chapel, at a salary of four crowns monthly, which added to his pension of five crowns, increased his revenue to nine crowns per month, about fifty shillings sterling. Pope Gregory the Fourteenth, moved with pity by the distress in which so celebrated a musician had passed the greater portion of his days, afterwards increased these emoluments, so little commensurate with his talents.

Few historical monuments of the art afford so much interest to the student as this mass of Pope Marcellus. It distinguishes one of those rare periods, in which genius breaking down the barriers that surround the spirit of the times, suddenly opens a clear way, and traverses it with the steps of a giant. To have composed an entire mass at the epoch in which Palestrina

flourished, without having recourse to imitation or fugued counterpoint, would have been considered nothing better than an imprudent undertaking, because it must needs have arraigned that which constituted the principal merit of the musician of the times. Besides, Palestrina could hardly have been insensible or averse to that style in which he was educated. We shall not therefore, be astonished to find in Pope Marcellus's "Mass" the fugued counterpoint as well as imitation, notwithstanding the obstacles which these must have thrown in the way of his accomplishment. But the manner in which he has triumphed over these difficulties, and the faculty of invention he has employed in this work, equal at least to his learning, must always excite our surprise and warmest admiration. We are astonished, upon hearing this mass, to perceive how the illustrious master has been able to give to his composition a character of angelic sweetness, by traits of harmony broad and simple, in opposition to the fugued importations rich in artifice, and consequently giving birth to a variety in style before unknown. These fugued *entrées*, for the most part, brief and contained in a few notes, are disposed in such a manner that the words can be always heard with the greatest ease. With regard to the composition, to the purity of the harmonies, to the art exhibited in making the different parts combine in a simple and natural manner, in distinguishing the particular kinds of voices, and making six parts progress with all the combinations of science, in the small space of two octaves and a half—all is beyond praise: and considering the era in which it was composed, the mass of Pope Marcellus may be truly considered a great effort of genius.

(To be continued.)

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 53.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XVII.

OTILIA, hearing some one depart, went to the window in time to see the back of Edward. She thought it strange that he left the house without seeing her, or wishing her a good morning. She became uneasy and more and more thoughtful, when Charlotte took her for a long walk, and talked on all sorts of subjects, but, as if designedly, did not mention her husband. She was, therefore, still more struck when, returning home, she found the table laid out with only two covers.

We do not like to miss even trifles to which we have grown accustomed, but it is only in important cases that such a loss gives as pain. Edward and the Captain were wanting. Charlotte had for the first time since a long period, arranged the dinner, and it seemed to Ottilia as if she was displaced. The two ladies sat opposite to each other; Charlotte spoke quite unconcernedly about the Captain's departure, and of the small hopes that existed of seeing him soon again. One thing consoled Ottilia in her present condition, and that was the belief that Edward had ridden after his friend, to accompany him for a short distance.

But when they rose from table, they saw Edward's travelling-carriage under the window, and when Charlotte asked, somewhat angrily, who had ordered it, she was answered that it was the valet, who was going to pack up something else. It required all Ottilia's self-possession to conceal her pain and her surprise.

The valet entered, and asked for his master's drinking-cup, a few silver spoons, and several other articles, which to Ottilia seemed to signify a more distant journey—a longer absence. Charlotte drily refused his request, and said that she did not know what he meant, as he had himself, under lock and key, all that belonged to his master. The cunning man, who was really only trying to speak with Ottilia, and on that account to get her out of the room on some pretext or other, was obliged to excuse himself, and adhere to his request, which Ottilia was willing to grant. Charlotte, however, still refused, the valet was forced to depart, and the carriage rolled off.

It was a frightful moment for Ottilia, she could not understand it, she could not conceive it; but thus much could she feel—that Edward was torn from her for a considerable time. Charlotte felt for her position, and left her to herself. We do not venture to describe her pains—her tears; her sufferings were infinite. She only prayed God that He would help her through this day; she endured the day and the night also; and when she came to herself, she thought she had acquired another nature.

She had not collected herself, she had not resigned herself, but, after so great a loss, she still existed, and had yet more to dread. Her immediate fear upon her return to consciousness was, that after the departure of the men, she herself might be removed, for she knew nothing of the contents of Edward's letter by which her residence with Charlotte was secured. Nevertheless she was in some measure calmed by the conduct of Charlotte, who endeavoured to occupy her, and did not readily allow her to quit her side; for although she well knew that words will not effect much against a decided passion, she also knew the power of deliberation and self-consciousness, and on this account discoursed on many subjects with Ottilia.

Thus it was for Ottilia a great consolation when Charlotte intentionally made this wise observation. "How lively is the gratitude of those whom we calmly help over the difficulties produced by passion. Let us joyfully and cheerfully set about the work which the men have left unfinished. Thus we shall most agreeably look forward to their return, while by our moderation we preserve and advance what their violent and impatient nature might destroy."

"Now you speak of moderation, my dear Aunt," said Ottilia; "I cannot conceal from you how I am struck, by the want of that quality in men, especially with respect to wine. Often I have been pained to observe, that clear understanding, prudence, regard for others, gracefulness and amiability are lost, even for many hours, and that instead of all the good, which an excellent man is able to produce, mischief and confusion have threatened to break in. How often may this have occasioned the most violent resolutions."

Charlotte agreed with her, but did not continue the conversation, as she felt that even on this point Ottilia was only thinking of Edward, who, not in general, but oftener than could be wished, was wont to increase his pleasures, his loquacity, his activity, by an occasional glass of wine.

If Charlotte's remark had recalled the men, and Edward especially, to the mind of Ottilia, she was still more struck when Charlotte spoke of an approaching marriage of the Captain as of a thing perfectly certain and well known, for this gave matters a turn quite different from that which she had been led to expect by the former assurances of Edward. All this increased Ottilia's attention to every expression, every sign, every action, every step of Charlotte. Ottilia had become sharp and suspicious, without being aware of it.

In the meanwhile Charlotte, with her acute perception, penetrated into the detail of her whole affairs, working with her own clear aptness, and compelling Ottilia constantly to join with her. Without uneasiness, she reduced her household expenses. Nay, when she looked closely into matters she considered an event produced by passion as a sort of fortunate dispensation. For, in the way they had hitherto gone, they might easily have strayed into the boundless, and for want of mature consideration might, by their over-urgency, have compromised, if not destroyed, the condition of their valuable property.

The works for the park already in progress she did not interrupt. She rather allowed that to proceed, which might form a foundation for future improvements, but even this was for a particular object, namely, that her husband, on his return, should find enough occupation to amuse him.

While engaged in these labours and plans, she could not sufficiently praise the conduct of the architect. The lake, in a short time, lay extended before her eyes, and the newly-made banks were planted and covered with turf in an elegant and various style. All the rough work of the new house was finished, all that was necessary for its preservation was provided, and a stop was made at that point where the work might be pleasantly recommenced. Thus occupied, she was calm and cheerful. Ottilia only seemed so; for in the whole work she regarded nothing but the signs

whether Edward would return or not. In this consideration she alone found interest.

On this account, an invitation to which the peasant-boys were invited, and the object of which was to keep in order the new spacious park, was particularly welcome. Edward had already entertained the notion. A gay-coloured uniform was made for the boys, which they put on in the evening, after giving themselves a thorough washing. The wardrobe was in the castle, the superintendence of it being entrusted to the most careful and intelligent of the boys. The architect conducted the whole, and before people were aware of it, all the boys had a certain destination. They were found to be well-trained, and went through their duties not without something of military manœuvre. Certainly, when some marched along with their pruning-hooks, knife-blades, rakes, little spades, hatchets, and brooms—when others followed with baskets to remove weeds and stones, and others again drew the huge iron roller behind—they formed a very pretty agreeable procession, in which the architect observed an elegant series of attitudes and occupations for the frieze of the summer-house. To Ottilia, on the other hand, the whole appeared only a kind of parade, which was soon to greet the master on his return.

This prompted her to receive him with something of a similar kind. For some time attempts had been made to encourage the girls of the village in knitting, sewing, spinning, and other female occupations, and these virtues had increased since the adoption of the regulations to preserve order and cleanliness in the village. Ottilia always assisted, but more accidentally, according to opportunity and inclination. She now thought to make the matter more perfect and consequent; but it is impossible to get a chorus out of a number of girls, as one can out of a number of boys. She followed the dictates of her own good sense, and without explaining herself quite clearly, she only endeavoured to inspire every one of the girls with attachment to her home, her parents, and her brothers and sisters.

With many this succeeded—only against one little lively girl was the complaint constantly made that she was without talent, and at home would do nothing whatever. Ottilia could not be angry with the girl, who was particularly fond of her, coming to her, and walking or running with her whenever permission was granted. Then the child was active, cheerful, and unwearied, the attachment to so beautiful a mistress seeming an actual requisite. At first Ottilia only tolerated the child's society, then she became fond of her, until at last they were inseparable, and Nancy accompanied her mistress everywhere.

Ottilia often walked to the garden, and was delighted to see how all was thriving. The season for berries and cherries was drawing to a close, and Nancy particularly liked the fruits of the later growth. When occupied with the other fruits, which promised so rich a crop for the autumn, the gardener constantly thought of his master, and never without wishing him back. Ottilia liked to listen to the good old man. He perfectly understood his business, and never left off talking to her about Edward.

When Ottilia expressed her delight to see the grafts thriving so well, the gardener answered doubtfully, "I only wish that my master may live to take much pleasure in them. If he were here this autumn, he would see what valuable species have been in the castle-garden since the time of his father. The present cultivators of fruit are not so much to be relied on as the Carthusians were. In the catalogue we find nothing but fine names. One grafts and rears, and at last, when the fruit comes, it turns out that it was not worth while for such trees to stand in the garden."

Most frequently, nay, nearly as often as he saw Ottilia, this faithful servant asked when his master would return. And when Ottilia could not tell the old man, he let her see, with a melancholy air, that he thought she would not trust him, and most painful to her was the feeling of uncertainty, which in this manner was forced upon her. Nevertheless she could not separate herself from these plantations. What they had partly sown and entirely planted together, was now in full blossom, and scarcely required any other attendance than that of Nancy, with her watering-pot. With what sensations did Ottilia watch the later flowers, which now began first to display themselves, and the brilliancy and fulness of which would beam forth and show her affection and gratitude on Edward's birth-day, which she often hoped to celebrate.

Nevertheless, her hopes of seeing this day were not always equally vivid. Doubt and uneasiness were always whispering around this good girl's soul.

A real open agreement with Charlotte was now not to be restored. Indeed the positions of these two ladies were widely different. If all remained as it was, and they turned into the track of legitimate life, Charlotte was a gainer with respect to present felicity, and a joyful prospect with the future was opened to her. Ottilia on the contrary lost all—we may well say all—for she had first found life and joy in Edward, and in the present situation she felt an infinite void of which, at an earlier period, she had hardly a conception. For a heart which seeks, feels that something is wanting; a heart that has lost the sense of a privation. Desire is transformed into impatience and indignation, and a female mind, although accustomed to wait, may step out of its circle, become active and enterprising, and do something towards its happiness.

Ottilia had not given up Edward. Indeed, how could she, although Charlotte, against her own conviction, was cunning enough to assume as a decided possibility, that a friendly calm relation might be established between Edward and Ottilia. How often at night, when she had locked herself in her room, did she kneel down before the open chest, and look over the birth-day presents, of which she had used, cut out, and made nothing. How often, at sunrise, did the dear girl hasten out of the house in which she had once found all her happiness, into the open air, which once did not suit her. She did not even like to remain on dry land. Jumping into the boat, she rowed into the middle of the lake. Then she would draw out of her pocket a book of travels, allow herself to be rocked by the waves, read, and fancy herself in a foreign country, where she always found her friend. She had always remained near to his heart, and he to her's.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated, that the Copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XIX.

ŒDIPUS.

THOU say'st that to each other we are nought;
But from thy heart that sentence never came,
That heart, which for his mildest, gentlest flame
Love as his purest, holiest altar sought.
No,—by a thousand signals I am taught,
Soft, furtive signs, too delicate for name,
That to each other we remain the same,
Bound by those links that long ago were wrought.
And what thou art to me, love, I will say:
The one soft beam that gilds a cloudy sky,
The one mild star that views a stormy sea,
The one regret, if life should ebb away,
The one bright dream that gives a hint of joy,
The one beloved—And what am I to thee? N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Of the successful *débüt* of Mr. Travers, the new tenor, which occurred on Thursday night, we shall speak at length in our next number. For the present it must suffice that he chose the part of Ferdinand, in Donizetti's *Favorite*, for his *débüt*, one which though "bristling" with vocal difficulties (as the *Post* has it,) is not unsuited to the display of those qualifications for which his voice and method are remarkable. Mr. Travers exults in a tenor voice of great purity and delicious quality, which wants nothing but the refinement of cultivation. This will come in time. Mr. Travers is given somewhat to hyperbole, which is the fault of all our singers, who have visited Italy, but he has so much of the right sort of feeling, and such an evidence of earnestness in all he does, that the exaggeration is forgotten in the contemplation of the better points of his style. But of all this we must defer speaking fully till our next. The English version of *The Favorite*,

produced for Mr. Templeton some years ago, is the same which was revived on Thursday night. The other characters were sustained by Miss Romer, Miss Collett, Messrs. Borrani, Stretton, Morgan, and Horncastle. The scenery and appointments were striking and picturesque, and the opera is altogether got up with excellent intentions. Signor Schira's appointment as director of the orchestra is likely to be highly beneficial; the band is evidently improving. Nor must we omit to praise the manner in which the choruses were sung, an evidence of the excellent training of Mr. Tully, the chorus-master. Mr. Travers was encored in the ballad of the fourth act, and called on at the end of the third and fourth acts, on both of which occasions he brought on Miss Romer to share the honours. The success of the new tenor was unequivocal. The house was well filled. For further particulars, see our next week's number.

HAYMARKET.—On Thursday a juvenile night was given at this theatre, the performances comprising *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Invisible Prince*. The house was exceedingly crowded and the extravaganza seemed to give unqualified delight no less to the juvenile portion of the audience than to the more mature. The new comedy, by Dion Bourcicault, is entitled *The School for Scheming*. The green-room gossip speaks of it in the highest terms of praise.

PRINCESS'S.—A new two-act drama, entitled *The King of the Brigands*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening with very equivocal success. The piece is not entirely devoid of interest, but the characters were altogether unsuited to the actors. Mr. Compton, who performed the chief personage, was never less happy than on this occasion. His humour was entirely lost, and he seemed to have but a vague notion of the part he represented. The drama is evidently a translation from the French, but seems to have suffered considerably in its transfer into English. We have seldom witnessed at this house a production of less merit. The curtain fell on *The King of the Brigands* with some slight manifestations of approval, which, however, were counteracted by symptoms of disapprobation. The majority of the audience took no part whatsoever with either side, and as far as we may judge, *The King of the Brigands* appeared to have died a natural death. We are sorry to record the ill-success of the drama. The management of the Princess's is seldom guilty of producing anything so indifferent. The piece received every benefit that could be conferred on it, from excellent scenery and appropriate dresses. The illness of Miss Bassano prevented her from appearing in *Anna Bolena* during the earlier part of the week. She again played last evening to a crowded audience. We are much gratified at finding the public take so much interest in our fair English vocalist. Miss Bassano's performances continue to be the great source of attraction at the Princess's.

LYCEUM.—A most excellent farce was produced at this house on Monday night and met with the most decided success. It is called *The Wigwam*, and the scene is laid in America among a tribe of the Indians. There is something irresistibly droll in the part played by Keeley. Let our readers only imagine the inimitable "Bob" in the character of a true cockney, taken prisoner by the wild woodsmen and made to become a hero of their tribe, under the name of the "Little Buffalo," and they will have some notion of the piece. *The Wigwam* was received with roars of laughter. Mr. Shirley Brooks is the author.

SURREY.—A new melodrama of the true fire-red school, was produced at this house during the week and was successful. It is called *Ruby Rattler; or, the Scamp's Progress*.

The Surrey folk received the drama with immense cheers. We thought, some time since, that Macready had driven out this class of productions from the theatre; we now find that what he effected was merely a temporary expulsion of these plays, and that they have returned back with redoubled force. Well, the people must be gratified, we suppose, and their inclination must be studied.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last we saw for the first time a delightful little vaudeville, entitled *Louissette; or, la Chanteuse des Rues*. In the midst of the heavy, melodramatic, murderous atmosphere we are now breathing at the St. James's, it is really quite refreshing to see something that comes within the bounds of possibility, to feel a sensation of calm affection and enjoy a little quiet, easy wit and honest excitement, without the chance of being laughed to scorn the next moment for our susceptibility. The first scene reminds us of the *Champs Elysées* of a summer's evening; we have the decorations of the front of a *café*, with the usual tables and chairs, all green, and specimens of Parisian beer, of which such enormous quantities are engulphed in this city during the summer months as would make a coal-heaver stare with astonishment. We here find César (M. Duméry), and Louissette (Mlle. Clarisse), standing on a bench singing "*the loves of the great lady and the handsome hussar*," to the air of Berat's "*O toi, ma compagne fidèle*," in alternate couplets. The effect is pleasing, Mademoiselle Clarisse doing her part excessively well, and M. Duméry, who is no singer, supplying his want of musical knowledge by a grotesque which pleased us more than a more artistical execution would have done. At the conclusion of the duet a collection is made and the receipt turns out to be a few pence, two five frank pieces and two billets-doux, demanding an interview and making offers of wholesale love, splendid furniture, the dream of all Parisian *Grisettes*, lands, country seats, &c. &c. But the young lady is not to be caught, she has a lurking attachment for César, who accompanies her on the double bass, which he returns a hundred fold by the most devoted affection and humble adoration. César having been despatched to order some dinner, the first interview takes place—it is with a young *fashionable*, as he is styled in the programme, a M. Jules de Lanzy; this young gentleman, who has already captivated the heart of Floreska, a quondam street-singer and for the present a figurante at the Opera, lays his fortune at the feet of Louissette, who, after a slight hesitation, accepts with the intention of substituting her former friend in her place. M. César, who has overheard the whole of the conversation, is horrified at the duplicity of his mistress, but is easily calmed by her explanation of the trick. The next lover now appears, but is received by César; he explains to him his plans on Louissette, talks of a villa, ten thousand ducats a month, Milan, in short César gets into a tremendous rage, and pummels and shakes the poor Italian most unmercifully; luckily Louissette arrives in time, and an explanation takes place; the Italian is no seducer, he is the manager of the Opera at Milan, and charmed with the accomplishments of the young street-singer, makes her an offer of an engagement at his theatre with a handsome salary. This is of course accepted, and in a quarter of an hour an appointment is made to start for Italy; the manager, who has no occasion for César's services, hurries off Louissette to the post-chaise, and César, who sees a carriage in the distance, starts with his luggage, double bass, and guitar, in pursuit, and is soon on the road to Orleans in company with M. Jules de Lanzy and Floreska, who has taken the place of Louissette. The second act passes at Milan; we are at the eve of Louissette's *début*, the theatre is crammed, the manager full of

hope in the powers of the *debutante*, to whom he has given a sound musical education; the young lady is awaiting the summons to appear, when an organ is heard in the street playing the identical air which she used formerly to sing herself—she immediately recognises the minstrels, who are no other than our friend César and Floreska, who on being abandoned at Orleans by Jules de Langy on his discovering his mistake, have joined their fortunes and migrated into Italy in the hope of discovering their lost companions. The betrayed is also at Milan and piqued at the ill success of his endeavours, gets up a cabal and hisses Louissette on her *début*. The talents of the young singer have, however, made a favourable impression on the Grand Duke, and the caballers have been arrested and thrown into prison. Louissette, who is however tired of Italy and of being the pseudo-wife of M. Saltarelli, the manager, accepts an engagement offered for Bordeaux, chooses César for her husband, and thus winds up as neat a piece as we have seen for many years. The parts were all well played, particularly those by Mlle. Clarisse and M. Duméry. The latter is a most useful actor and occasionally displays great humour and originality.

Le Barbier du roi d'Aragon was also played for the first time in England, the success of it was not doubtful, considering we had M. Frederick Lemaitre for the hero. It is written principally to show his wonderful tragic-comic powers, and on that account is well worth seeing; but the plot, if there be any, is so confused in our minds that we despair of being able to trace it. We shall, however, give a broad outline, in as few words as possible. The King of Arragon, Alphonse, has resolved to carry off Paghita, affianced to Perez, the king's barber, and beloved by Torreno, a muleteer. A conspiracy is at work to dethrone the king, odious to his subjects on account of his vices, which is joined by Perez, on his discovering that it is the king who has carried off his future bride. In a transport of jealousy and madness, the barber has undertaken to cut the monarch's throat, but his courage fails him at the critical moment, his hand trembles, and the king further disturbs his resolution by making him a marquess. The conspirators break into the palace, the king flies to repulse them, and in the confusion forgets Paghita, who escapes to the mountains through the instrumentality of Perez. The disturbance being quelled, the monarch returns; but finding the bird flown, his suspicious attach upon Perez. The king's confessor, who was one of the conspirators, fearful of detection, resolves to be beforehand with the others, and reveals the whole of the plot. Alphonse now resolves to have vengeance on his barber—and in an excellent scene, at least as far as M. Lemaitre's acting went, he resolves to shave him, to do him honour. The poor barber gives himself up for lost, when he is relieved by the arrival of the Princess of Castille, Isabella, to whom Alphonse is about to be married. In favour of the general rejoicing, the king grants a pardon to all concerned, marries Paghita to Torreno, but decrees that the monk and the barber shall ever after live together—the monk to impose any penance he may choose, but the barber to shave the monk every morning. M. Lemaitre as usual convulsed the house with laughter; his shaving-scene especially was excellent, from the finely expressed mixture of fear, respect, and hatred. The part of the King was well played by Mr. Langeval, and Mlle. Vallée looked exceedingly pretty and interesting in the part of Paghita, and acted with truth and earnestness and a fund of natural sentiment. On Wednesday we had the *Ecole des Maris* already noticed, and the *L'Auberge des Adrets*.

J. DE C—E.

M. Lemaitre has twice appeared as Robert Macaire in the

drama, *L'Auberge des Adrets*. This, if not one of the greatest, is decidedly one of the most extraordinary of the actor's parts. His performance is a miracle of ease, natural grace, and self-possession. The piece, as performed at the St. James's Theatre, is nearly worthless, and Lemaitre is the Atlas that supports the whole weight of the interest upon his shoulders. It is hardly possible to convey by words a notion of the whim, humour, and drollery, with which Lemaitre invests the character of Robert Macaire. From the moment he comes on the stage until he quits it the house is one continued roar of laughter. His dress in itself is enough to excite mirth in the most phlegmatic gravity. And then his important swagger in the beggar's attire, his manner of using the tattered pocket-handkerchief and the old creaking snuff-box, his caricaturing the Ethiopian singers when he uses a warming-pan for a banjo, his burlesque of the dance in *Faust*, his deportment to the *Gens d'armes*, in short every portion of his performance is a proof of that artistic power that meditation superinduced on genius an alone effect. To one whose heart has been thrilled at the performance of Frederick Lemaitre in the *Dame St. Tropez*, his acting in Robert Macaire must convey the most vivid astonishment. To behold the great tragic artist stepping, as it were, from out the line of acting that nature seemed to have marked out for him, and assuming the very antipodes to that style with equal power and effect, is no small matter of wonder, even in this age, when versatility in the performer is by no means an unusual qualification. Of all the actors we have ever seen Frederick Lemaitre the best realizes our abstract notion of a great tragedian and a great comedian united into one person.

ADELAIDA.

[The following verses have been written to the music of the celebrated song by Beethoven, with a view to their vocal expression rather than their rhythmical precision.]

LONELY—sadly I wander by the silent river
Where the whispering myrtles in the moonlight quiver,
Murmuring fondly o'er this dearest name for ever—
Adelaida!

On the trembling streamlet the stars are gleaming,
From its azure breast thy joylit eyes are seeming
On mine to be beaming—
I behold thee! Am I dreaming?

Adelaida!
On the stream is the violet-heaven reclining?
Or thine eyes, are they shining?
Adelaida!

Soft—low murmurs along the woods are creeping,
Ev'ry flower lifts up its head from sleeping,
Nearer floating—now coming—quickly fleeting—
'Tis the echo of Heav'n's far choir, repeating
Adelaida!

Though this life will fleet—this voice be hushed for ever,
My heart the grave can silence never—
From this heart each night will spring a flower,
Throbbing with the passion of your lover,
Moonlight wooing by Love's power
On every leaf unfolding this word you will discover—
Adelaida!

London, Jan. 28, 1847.

DION BOURCICAULT.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MADAME SCHWISO.

SIR,—Can you favour me with the address of Madame Schwiso, a pianist, whose Concert you noticed about three weeks ago as having taken place at the Princess's Concert Rooms. Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. Should you be unable to supply me with this information, perhaps you will do me the kindness to give it publicity in your columns, as it probably may meet the eyes of some one acquainted with the lady.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"Album of Dance Music," for the Pianoforte, 1847.—R. Cocks & Co.

THE composers who have contributed towards the contents of this volume are, Labitzky, Camille Schubert, Strauss, Redler, Hilmar, and Gorla. Of these the three first are well known and highly popular; the next two we never heard of before; and the sixth and last has some reputation in Paris as a pianist. Camille Schubert has contributed a set of "Five New Polkas." They are certainly *five*, though not indisputably *new*. But how can newness be expected when accent and rhythm, and measure and time, and character, and what not, are compelled to be invariably the same, cut out of a pattern which must serve for all eternity? Still M. Schubert's polkas are exceedingly pretty, and sparkling, and moreover essentially danceable. The three first are decidedly the best. The fourth, which is entitled *La plus Coquette*, is rather stiff and prudish; and the last, which is christened *La plus Jolie*, less pretty than any of its companions. M. Labitzky has wiped out the adage *ex nihilo nihil fit* from the book of truth, by making (op. 180) a very lively and rhythmical set of quadrilles from such scraps of tune as he could dig out of Verdi's opera of *Attila*. But M. Labitzky is a man of parts, and knows his trade, as he needs must, to make quadrilles out of the somniferous strains of Guiseppe Verdi, composer of that very extraordinary opera, *Nabucco*. The *Ernestine Polka* of M. Hilmar is a well marked tune, easy to perform, and brilliant in effect. The celebrated Johann Strauss has contributed his op. 195. A set of waltzes called *Die Unbedeutenden*, in his most agreeable style. The fancy of this writer is positively inexhaustible. The *Robert Bruce Quadrille*, on favourite Scotch airs, is a favourable specimen of the talents of M. Redler. The tunes are judiciously selected, and the arrangement is simple and irreproachable. The *Caroline Polka* is a much more acceptable present from the popular Labitzky, than the quadrille from Verdi's *Attila*. Here the tunes being his own, are really excellent. There could have been little doubt of Labitzky's being a better melodist than Verdi; but if there had been two opinions on the subject, a comparison between the quadrilles in question (where the tunes are by Verdi) and the polkas in question (where the tunes are by Labitzky), would have set the matter right, without room for hesitating. Camille Schubert has contributed a brilliant and animated set of waltzes called *Les Triomphales* (op. 100), which he has appropriately dedicated to "son ami M. Robert Cocks," the spirited publisher. The composition and dedication together suggest the notion of talent paying homage at the shrine of enterprise. In his quadrilles, "*Là Harpe D'Erin*," M. Redler has set out by appropriating to himself an idea from the *ballet-music* in Auber's *Gustave*. This is in the first figure. The other figures consist of fricassees of old Irish melodies, more or less happy—less happy when deviating from the originals, and more happy when sticking to them *notatim*, but never quite happy altogether. M. Gorla's "*Madiedjda*" is entitled a third original mazurka; the originality may be traced to the nomenclature; elsewhere it is untraceable. The *Vienna Railroad Polka* of Labitzky is inimitable, and makes a dashing finale to one of the capitallest *albums* of dance music which we ever stumbled over during our ramblings among the lanes, alleys, fields, hills, and valleys of musical dedications to Terpsichore.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

DRESDEN, Jan. 15.—Madame Schroeder Devrient, who

for some time has been residing quite secluded in the small town of Rochlitz, in the Saxon-Swiss, and had almost been forgotten, on the 10th instant made her re-appearance on our stage, in her favorite character of *Romeo*, in Bellini's opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, with immense success. The management has re-engaged her for several years, to the great satisfaction of the public. Although she may not be so great a singer as in those days when she was wont to carry the audience away by astonishment and enthusiasm, she is still the Schroeder, the Siddons of the German stage.

BERLIN.—(From the *Berlin Figaro*).—A talented young pianist, Mr. Ignatz Gibsone, has arrived here from London. The communications from London, Brussels, and the Rhenish towns on the concerts of Mr. Gibsone, drew the attention of seeing the excellent artist appear amongst us. England shows now with such talents as Litolf, Balfe, Wallace, Lord Westmoreland, Horsley, Bishop, Sloper, Macfarren, Parish Alvars, Bennett, Jewson, Holmes, Hatton, Flowers, Cohan, &c., that in music it is well qualified to rival with other nations.

(From the *Vossische Gazette*).—ERNST's second concert in the Königsstädter Theatre (as in some respects even more brilliant than the first, as the pieces chosen for performance disclosed more particularly the characteristic peculiarities of the great violinist. The first performance was a grand concerto by Bazzini, in which Ernst displayed an uncommon degree of brilliant mechanism. The author's last work, the "*Paganini Rondo*," contains very characteristic and elegant subjects, developed with tasteful orchestral accompaniment, on which the Papageno figure (*Zauberflöte*) vies with the principal and brilliant violin passages. The "*Carnaval of Venice*," by Ernst, although not new to us, gave us again the utmost pleasure. The concert was diversified by the appearance of a pianist from London, Mr. Ignatz Gibsone. He played an original Polka, which was varied extemporaneously. Although we did not discover any new ideas in its construction, with the exception of an interesting change, where the left hand takes the theme of the right hand, opposite a chromatic scale, still the young artist deserves every praise. His right hand disclosed much grace, which gave his playing a lively colouring. Altogether, however, he seems to require the energy of expression.

(From the *Prussian Journal*, December 14th, 1846).—A young English pianist, Ignatz Gibsone, performed between the acts (in Ernst's second concert) an original theme with variations of his own, and obtained by his neat, tasteful, and perfect execution of this equally brilliant and effective composition, deserved applause. A third concert is announced by Mr. Ernst, on which occasion he intends to perform his Grand Solo on the *Pirata*, (Op. 19) dedicated to the King of Hanover.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss Whitnall, the spirited and popular caterer for the lovers of song, provided on Monday, an excellent treat in the Theatre Royal, Williamson-square, on which occasion we were introduced, for the first time, to the celebrated vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop, of the grand theatres Rome and Palermo, and *prima donna* of the Theatre San Carlo, at Naples. The other singers were Miss Whitnall herself, (who, we regretted to observe, was indisposed, and, indeed, appeared contrary to the advice of her medical attendants,) Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Mr. D. W. King, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, and Mr. Corri, of the Nobility's Concert, Dublin. The first part comprised Wallace's trio, "*Turn on Old Time*," which was effectively sung by Miss Whitnall and Messrs. King and Corri, although it was evident that, in addition to Miss Whitnall's indisposition, Mr. King was labouring under a severe cold. Madame Anna Bishop appeared next, and gave a Recitative and Cavatina from Ugo, arranged by Donizetti, with thrilling effect. Her next piece, in this part, a Recitative and Cavatina from Meyerbeer, was however a

more pleasing,—indeed, a splendid effort, wonderful in execution and faultless in taste. The tones were throughout clear and bell like; and in her subdued notes more sweet than those of any vocalist we remember to have heard. But for the compassion of the audience this piece would have been encored. Mr. D. W. King gave "Forth I wander," from Beethoven, with great judgment. We have already mentioned that he seemed to be suffering from cold, which evinced itself strongly in this piece. His voice—a tenor—is evidently a fine organ, well trained; and, when in better health, we expect to find in him a fine singer. Mr. Corri sang "As I view those scenes" very finely, and afterwards volunteered an Irish ballad, in the room of a duet in which Miss Whitnall was to have taken a part. In this he received an encore. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam was encored most heartily in "Barge of the Bonny Sea." This talented young lady is rapidly becoming a favourite. The gems of the evening consisted of "John Anderson my Jo," (sung by Madame Anna Bishop, and encored,) and "On the Banks of Guadalquivir," by the same lady. Both were delightfully and wonderfully sung, and encored of course. The latter songs of this part we could not stay to hear. The house was thinly attended. Amongst the visitors we noticed his worship the Mayor, John Shaw Leigh, Esq., and other influential parties.—*Liverpool Standard.*

LIVERPOOL.—The far-famed vocalist, Madame Anna Bishop, made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, at Miss Whitnall's concert, on Monday evening. The Mayor having patronized the performance, was present with a party, as also were John Shaw Leigh, Esq., and several other families of distinction; but the house was thinly attended, and the reception given to Madame Bishop was not of the most enthusiastic description. She, however, greatly won upon the audience by the talents which she displayed in the course of the evening, and was encored in the ballad, "John Anderson my Jo," Laven's ballad, "On the banks of Guadalquivir," and in the Chansonette Française, "Je suis la Bayadère." Her voice has some notes of a richly-melodious character; her treatment of it is that of the perfect artist, study and discipline having enabled her to overcome the greatest difficulties, and her style is unexceptionable. Miss Whitnall had not recovered from her severe indisposition, and the indulgence of the house was requested for her by Mr. Rosby, but she got through what she had to do in a manner that was highly creditable to her tact and taste. "The Singing Lesson," and "The Meeting," in one of which she was to have sung with Mr. Corri, and in the other with Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, were withdrawn, but Mr. Corri, who acquitted himself well in Bellini's "As I view now those scenes," volunteered a duet *solus*, "Mother, he's going away," which took the fancy of his hearers so much that its repetition was demanded. Mr. D. W. King laboured under a severe cold, and consequently sang to great disadvantage. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam was very warmly and deservedly encored in the only two songs which she had to sing, "Barge of the sunny Sea," a pleasing gondolier by her brother, Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, and the Irish ditty, "Erin, my country." Mr. Joseph Robinson accompanied all the songs, except those of Madame Bishop, when Mr. Bochsa took his seat at the pianoforte. The two overtures, "Fra Diavolo" and "Eduardo e Christina" were cleverly led by Mr. Aldridge, and well played by the band.—*Liverpool Express.*

LIVERPOOL.—Last night Madame Anna Bishop performed at the Theatre Royal in Balfe's opera of *The Maid of Artois*, one of the earliest of that composer's efforts, and including in it the "The light of other days," with some additional songs, introduced on its revival at Drury Lane last season, and several alterations. She sang the music allotted to her with exquisite effect, and was very warmly applauded, carrying with her the entire sympathy of the audience, especially in the airs, "Oh, what a charm," "Oh, beautiful night," and in the finale, a very brilliant and difficult piece of music.—*Liverpool Express.*

SHREWSBURY.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Wednesday, Jan. 20, Madame Bishop displayed her supreme artistic singing, and the capabilities of her magnificent voice, in the Music Hall of the town. She was received with the greatest applause, and gave unmixed pleasure to a highly respectable audience. She was assisted by Mr. Corri, from Birmingham, who sang several songs. M. Bochsa accompanied on the pianoforte, and exhibited his skill in a fantasia on the harp. Mr. Hiles opened the concert by playing the "Zauberflöte" overture on the organ, and afterwards introduced a slow movement from one of Haydn's symphonies at the commencement of the second part.

DUBLIN.—The oratorio of *Sampson* was, during the lifetime of its immortal composer, made the medium through which a public charity annually received those funds that fed the hungry and assisted the destitute; and selections from his oratorio of *Joshua*, brought forward with a similar object last evening at the Ancient Concerts, served to realise a large sum for the relief of the present existing distress, executed as his fine work was with all the varied resources of the society. The attendance on this occasion, when good offices to others became associated with great personal pleasure, proved both fashionable and

crowded, and the whole of the arrangements were most effective. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Ladies Ponsonby arrived at half-past eight, and were attended by the stewards to the front of the gallery, where seats were set apart for their accommodation; and the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor, the Hon. and Ven. the Dean of St. Patrick's, had also places set apart for them in the gallery. The music of *Joshua* was given with a precision and just appreciation of the composer's meaning that would have reflected deserved reputation on any society, the orchestra being complete and admirably in hand, while the choruses—forcible but not crude, earnest but not coarse—poured forth a rich volume of sound. The opening chorus, "Ye sons of Israel," was an illustration of this remark, and more especially the exquisitely constructed one with solo, "To long Posterity," in which the hushed motion of the waters, as they stood for a time upraised before rolling back in trembling masses, at a word, was conveyed with excellent truth, to which the bold rush of harmony that succeeded told with increased beauty by reason of the contrast. The solos were sung by Miss Byrne, Miss Searle, and the Messrs. Robinson, Smith, Geary, and an amateur, Mr. Stanford. This gentleman gave the air "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain" with such purity of style, and admirable richness of voice, that it at once called for an encore, in which the Lord Lieutenant and the Ladies Ponsonby joined. Miss Byrne, in the air of Pergolesi, had to repeat the second part, and her round contralto tones, aided by her careful and steady manner of executing the music, well justified the compliment. The whole concert gave the utmost satisfaction, from the unity and general effect evidenced in every department, and Mr. Joseph Robinson conducted with his wonted skill and tact.—*Saunders' News Letters, Jan. 22.*

DUBLIN.—We understand the following circular has been forwarded to the Members of the Anacreontic Society.—(Committee-room, 112, Grafton-Street, 4th January, 1847.)—Sir—The committee being of opinion that, in the present state of unprecedented distress which so universally prevails all over this country they would best consult the feelings and wishes of the members of the Anacreontic Society, by proposing that the Society should suspend its meetings for the present season, whereby the members would be at liberty to apply to the relief of their poor suffering fellow-countrymen the sums which they have been in the habit of contributing to the funds of this society, a great part of which would be withdrawn from this country by foreign artists, whom it would be necessary to bring over for the society's public concerts. These views of the committee have been communicated to many of the members residing in Dublin, who have expressed their entire approval of the proposition; and I am now instructed to acquaint you that it has been resolved that the meeting of the Anacreontic Society do stand adjourned to the usual time for commencing their concerts in November next; a decision in the propriety of which the committee hope for your concurrence—I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient humble servant, "S. J. Pigott, Sec."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MESSRS. DISTIN, assisted by Miss Amelia Hill, gave a second concert on Monday, at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich. The room was attended by nearly seven hundred people. There were several encores during the evening, among which we may name two glees by Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, a trumpet solo on the Sax-horn, several *morceaux* by the Distin Family on the Sax-Tubas, and Miss Hill, in Benedict's pretty song, "I am thine." On Thursday the Messrs. Distins performed at the Town Hall, Birmingham. They appear to-day at Leamington; February 1st, at Coventry. On February 3rd they are engaged at Cambridge, and on the following day they will appear at Oxford with Madame Bishop. On the 5th they are engaged at Greenwich; on the 8th at Hanley; on the 9th at Burslem; 10th at Longton; 11th Newcastle-under-Tyne; 12th Stoke; 15th Hackney; 18th Stoke Newington; 19th Horns, Kennington, &c. &c.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, according to her engagement with Mr. Simpson, sang last Monday, the 18th instant, at Lichfield; on Tuesday she repeated at Birmingham, before a crowded house, the *Maid of Artois*, assisted by Mr. W. D. King, of Drury Lane. On Wednesday she sang at Shrewsbury; and on Thursday she performed at Birmingham, for the first time, the whole opera of *La Sonnambula*. Madame Anna Bishop's success in the beautiful

part of *Amina*, was, if possible, greater than in the *Maid of Artois*. After the first cavatina, "Dearest companions," the fair vocalist received three rounds of applause, and all through the opera the enthusiasm was general. The celebrated rondo finale was of course encored, and notwithstanding her immense exertions and fatigues of the week the *prima donna* of England warbled it in a delicious manner. On Friday she performed the *Maid*. Saturday, the 23rd, she made her first appearance before a Manchester audience since her return from abroad, at a grand concert in the Free Trade Hall. Madame Anna Bishop's reception baffles all description; the applause was so deafening, and so prolonged, that she remained several seconds without being able to sing, and it was easy to remark, from the emotion evinced by the great artist, that she felt much gratified by that hearty welcome. When silence was restored, she began her first song from *Ajo*, as arranged for her by poor Donizetti, who was so partial for the talent of our countrywoman, and the applause was incessant. It would be too long to detail the ovations, the vociferous cries for having all the songs repeated, the three cheers given to the songstress every time she came in the orchestra. Suffice it to say, that her triumph was complete, and that when she stepped into her carriage, after the concert, the members of the Manchester Choral Harmonic Institute, who had sung during the concert two glees very effectively, gave her a last tremendous cheer. Mr. Weston, the able conductor, acquitted himself of the task with great judgment and discernment. Messrs. W. D. King and Corrie were the other vocalists. Madame A. Bishop is to sing at Liverpool on Monday, the 25th.—*Morning Post*.

MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER, stage director of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, has been appointed Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

MADAME VESTRIS.—This popular actress has been fulfilling a farewell engagement for the last month at Liverpool, and on Friday evening she took leave of the people of that town in the following characteristic address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I appear before you to say farewell, and that in its most painful shape, a long and last farewell. My health, rather than my inclination, believe me, induces this apparent sudden step. Were I, indeed, as old as some good people have been pleased to fancy me, I ought to have retired years ago, not only from the mimic scene, but from the stage of life itself. The truth is that having been long before the public, and, owing to the kindness of that public, conspicuously so at an earlier age than is usual, not being, I believe, I may venture to assert, quite superannuated. After this you will, perhaps, expect me to tell you what my age really is, but I claim the privilege of my sex, and leave that highly important question still open. It becomes one who has enjoyed, both as an actress and a manager, a share of public favour and applause, such as is accorded to few, to submit, without a murmur, to those afflictions which are the lot of many. Great as has been the favour I have obtained, it has been nowhere greater than in this flourishing, opulent, and liberal town; and I beg, therefore, to offer to its numerous representatives here present my humble and heartfelt thanks. How long I may yet perform in London is uncertain, but my health at present not permitting me to undergo the continual fatigues of travelling professionally, I have come to the determination of closing my country accounts altogether. Before I depart, however, allow me on retiring from business to recommend to your cordial support my junior partner. He has secured for himself my good will, and has, I trust, entitled himself to yours. It is he, therefore, who will in future undertake the

travelling department. Let me, then, express my earnest hope that the liberal patronage you have for so many years extended to myself, will be steadily continued to my husband. Ladies and Gentlemen, I most respectfully and most gratefully bid you farewell." Madame Vestris was born March 1, 1796. She was married in 1813, when only sixteen years old, to Armand Vestris, the principal dancer at the King's Theatre, where she made her *début* as *Proserpina*, in Winter's opera "Il Ratto di Proserpina," July 20, 1815; so that she has been nearly thirty-two years on the stage. Charles Mathews was born in 1802.

EXETER HALL.—*The Creation* was performed on Tuesday evening by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, for the second time this season. The vocalists were, Miss Birch, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Lockey. The performance on the whole was superior to that of the previous week. The singers acquitted themselves with great effect. Miss Birch sang very finely; her delivery of "O, thou, for whom I am," was exceedingly impressive, and was altogether the best specimen of vocalisation we have heard from this lady for some time. Mr. Lockey was no less happy in the portion of the oratorio allotted him. He was encored in "In native worth," which he rendered with great feeling and expression. Mr. H. Phillips's singing the music of Raphael in the *Creation* is too well known to demand any comment here. The choruses were well sung throughout, and the oratorio was ably conducted by Mr. Surman. The band did its duty most efficiently, and the numerous obligato passages for the various instruments were excellently played. In the popular song, "On mighty pens," we were much pleased with the flute accompaniment of Mr. Card, one of the oldest and most experienced of our orchestral performers, who has won years of honourable fame at the Philharmonic, the Opera, and the great provincial festivals in the capacity of *primo flauto*. Never did this excellent artist play with more point and judgment than in the *Creation* on Tuesday night, and the fact was remarked by many connoisseurs of the instrument who happened to be present.

MR. ALLCROFT has announced his Grand Annual Miscellaneous Concert for Tuesday next. This concert generally constitutes one of the best musical entertainments of the early London season.

MR. WILLIAM DAWSON, pupil of Mons. Tolbecque, gave an evening concert, at the Manor Rooms, Stoke Newington, on Monday last, the 18th inst. The vocalists engaged were, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Cubitt, and Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Hobbs and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists, Messrs. Richardson, Dawson, and Dumon. The concert commenced with Paer's effective Terzetto, "Si dira," admirably rendered by the Misses Ellen Lyon and Cubitt, and Signor F. Lablache. Miss Ellen Lyon, who possesses a rich and pure soprano voice, gave Donizetti's cavatina, *L'Amor Suo*, with brilliancy, and gained the applause she justly merited. The encores were numerous, amongst which were Miss Cubitt in "Homage to Charlie;" Madame F. Lablache in a pretty ballad of Finley's; and Madame and Signor F. Lablache in "Singa tanti complimenti." Mr. Dawson interpreted a solo of Mayseder's with skill. Mons. Dumon accompanied the vocal pieces with tact and ability, and the concert appeared to give universal satisfaction to a highly select audience.

M. PANOFKA.—In our review of the Opera prospectus last week, we omitted to mention the engagement of this highly esteemed musician, whose services have been secured by Mr. Lumley, in the capacity of general superintendent of the artistic interests of Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Panofka

unites to integrity and zeal the talents and general knowledge of the subject which eminently qualify him for the post—and we only echo the words of our esteemed friend, Stephen Heller, in applauding the discretion Mr. Lumley has evinced the engagement.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, which, since its performance has been discontinued at the festival for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral, is rarely heard in London, will, with a selection, be performed at the next concert at Exeter Hall on the 18th February. Mendelssohn and Spohr are both expected during the present season, which promises to be unusually brilliant.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The One Hundred and Sixty Anniversary of this Society was celebrated in the Freemasons' Hall, on the 21st instant. Lord Saltoun (who had travelled from Scotland expressly for the occasion) in the chair; supported by Lord Oxford, Lord H. Paget, Sir Andrew Barnard, and about a hundred amateurs and professors of music. The following compositions were sung after dinner, under the direction of Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, by sixteen cantos, twelve altos, sixteen tenors, and twenty-eight basses; total, seventy-two.

"Non Nobis Domine,"	W. BYRD,	1590.
"Bow thine ear,"	T. WALKER,	1600.
"Sweetheart arise,"	J. WARD,	1613.
"Sweet Philomel,"	G. CAIMO,	1560.
"Now tune the viol," (encored)	J. WILBYE,	1598.
"When Chloris heard," (encored)	T. WILBYE,	1598.
"Sweet honey-sucking bee," (encored)	L. MARENZIO,	1670.
"Basti fin qui le pene,"	T. MORLEY,	1594.
"April is in my mistress' face,"	A. BICCI,	1570.
"Dainty white pearl,"	G. CROCK,	1580.
"Hard by a chrysal fountain,"	T. BATESON,	1600.
"Who prostrate lie,"	J. SAVILLE,	1660.
Finale—"The Waits,"		

The honorary secretary of the society, Thomas Oliphant, Esq. was absent, owing to a domestic affliction, but the noble chairman did not forget him; his health was drank, and his zeal and exertions on behalf of the society, were duly acknowledged. The health of the former president, Sir John Rogers, Bart., was given and heartily responded to. We scarcely need add that the reception of the gallant Lord Saltoun was quite enthusiastic.

LORD SALTOUN has consented to preside at the One Hundred and Ninth Anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, which will be celebrated on the 19th of April, on the usual extensive scale.

THE LATE MR. KEARNS.—It is in contemplation to get up a concert for the benefit of the widow and numerous family of this lamented artist, who have been left in very indigent circumstances. Sir George Smart has consented to act as chairman of a committee of professors, and Signor Costa will conduct the performance.

CASINO DE VENISE.—The proprietor of the establishment in Holborn, where the promenade concerts and balls are held, has become the principal manager of the entertainments. Grattan Cooke the conductor, and Blagrove and Patsy leaders of the concerts.

MR. TRAVERS, the tenor singer, who has made his *début* at Drury Lane Theatre, is a cousin of Miss Romer, and, it is stated, that he is to be married to a daughter of the *ci-devant* Miss Chester.

THE MELODISTS.—The social meetings of the Melodist Club where resumed on Thursday, when about forty persons dined at the Freemason's Tavern, B. R. Colebell, Esq., M.P., in the chair. Several glees were sung by Messrs. King, Horn,

Francis, Parry, H. Gear, Genge, Kench, E. Taylor, Machin, Atkins, &c. &c. Solos on the clarinet and concertina were excellently performed by Lazarus and R. Blagrove. A brilliant fantasia was played on the piano/orte by Mr. G. Kiallmark and the evening past off most harmoniously. The prize offered by W. Dixon, Esq. for a cheerful song, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. Hatton, will be awarded at the next meeting of the club on the 23rd of February.

VOCAL CONCERTS.—It is reported that these concerts will be resumed, but nothing has been finally settled yet. Miss Birch, it is said, will not continue as one of the directors.

CROSBY HALL.—The Fourth Concert of Sacred Music, under the direction of Miss Mounsey, took place on Wednesday evening. The principal singers engaged for the occasion were Messrs. Lockey and Machin, and the Misses Steele and Cabitt. Miss Mounsey, as usual, presided at the organ, and performed a solo between the parts. The programme comprised a selection from the works of Boyce, Preyer, Hasse, Galliard, Handel, Haydn, Kalliwooda, Pergolesi, Bach, Schicht, Vogla, Otto Nicolai, Mendelssohn, and Weber. The concert terminated at an early hour and the room was well filled. Press of matter hinders us from entering into further particulars.

MARIO.—This accomplished tenor is stated to be the son of General di Candia. Mario, who was born at Cagliari, in 1816, was educated amongst the king's pages, at the Royal Academy of Turin, and subsequently became an officer in the Piedmontese guard. From his early youth he was passionately fond of music. On his arrival in Paris, in 1836, the manager of the Academy Royale, whose curiosity was excited by the encomiums lavished in private circles on the young amateur, took an opportunity of hearing him sing, and immediately offered him an engagement, which Mario, after much hesitation, accepted. This greatly irritated his father, who spared neither entreaty nor commands to hinder his son from embracing the career of a public singer. Mario, however, persisted in his resolution, but so far yielded to the general's wish as to consent to let his Christian name alone appear in the bills.

MR. T. P. COOKE.—It is rumoured that this favorite actor, having recovered from a long and serious illness, is about to occupy the stage boards for a season before his final retirement. The respective managers of Drury Lane and the Princess's have made Mr. T. P. Cooke most liberal offers.

MADAME DULCKEN.—What does the musical critic of the *Chronicle* mean by the following:—(*Morning Chronicle*, Jan 28)—"Pianists of every clime visit this country from season to season, but after a sojourn here of some years, Madame Dulcken is also heard with unalloyed gratification, a sure evidence of a poetical temperament and of unabated energies." [C. J. and "The Trunkmaker" might perhaps, by putting their heads together, explain the meaning.]

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—An entertainment was given in the above room on Tuesday evening, by Mr. Wilson, in aid of the Scotch Poor in the Highlands. The room was exceedingly crowded, many of the Scotch in London having flocked to the concert room to support a favorite singer in his amiable endeavour to assist his countrymen. Mr. Wilson's reception was most flattering, and his vocal efforts throughout the evening obtained great applause. His "Allister M'Allister," was the most successful hit of the concert. Mr. Land presided at the piano as usual.

A CONCERT was given on Wednesday evening for the benefit of Mr. Le Jeune, at the Marylebone Institution, Edward's-street. Several songs and pieces were sung by the Misses Stuart, Friswell, and the Misses Eliza and Ellen Lyon. The

latter mentioned young ladies pleased much by their duet singing. Miss Stuart has a good voice, and sung "Love and Language," from *The Bondman*, very effectively. A duet for pianoforte and violoncello was effectively performed by Mr. Charles Le Jeune and a gentleman with whom we were unacquainted.—(From a Correspondent.)

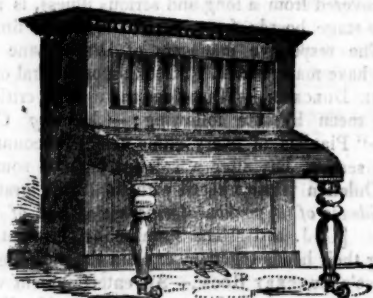
ANCIENT JERUSALEM.—This interesting model of the city on which profane and sacred history has accumulated more of interesting and serious association than on any spot of that ancient world which has bequeathed us so many a lesson of wisdom and of life, is now exhibiting in Piccadilly. As a wonderful work of patience and ingenuity it is well worthy the inspection of the curious; but its chief interest will, of course, depend upon the reverent feelings with which the Christian will naturally peruse, if we may be pardoned the expression, the localities of that blessed soil, hallowed by the footsteps of Him whose sufferings on the cross purchased Him redemption. Here we may follow step by step that touching drama, in which the pure and guiltless blood of the Man who was God sealed the inestimable gifts of man's salvation. Here is that temple in which, yet a child, His heavenly wisdom held grey-haired man in wonder. Here the streets in which He taught, and in which miracle after miracle appealed in vain to an unbelieving race. Here the Mount of Olives, where He wept over the coming fate of Jerusalem. Here the garden of the passion, and here the Via Dolorosa, and here Calvary. We know no public exhibition more fit to attract and more capable of meeting and fastening public attention. Its success is thoroughly deserved.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PIANOFORTE PLAYER.—"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;" besides the article is a very clumsy translation from a French paper.

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For the performance of the

LYRICAL DRAMAOn a scale of efficiency in every department never before attempted in this
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arrangement of the season will be issued in due course. Mr. Beale, Director.
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Beg to inform their Friends and Pupils, that they have returned from the
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Her Majesty's



Theatre.

The following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season 1847, is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and to the Public. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made to secure, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, a Company still more worthy of the first Theatre in Europe, and of its distinguished Patrons, will ensure the continuation of their support.

Engagements for the Opera.

MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND,
MAD^{LE}. DEL CARMEN MONTENEGRO, **MAD^{LE}. SANCHIOLI,**
MAD^{LE}. PAGIANI, AND MADAME SOLARI, The Contralti, **MAD^{LE}. VIETTI, AND MAD^{LE}. DARIA NASCIO,**
MADAME CASTELLAN.
SIG. FRASCHINI, the great Tenor of Italy. And the favorite Tenor, **SIG. CARDONI,**
SIG. SUPERCHI. **Sig. BORELLA, Sig. CORELLI, SIG. F. LABLACHE,**
HERR STAUDIGL, AND SIG. LABLACHE.

In addition to the above, arrangements are pending with **Sig. COLETTI,** of the Italian Opera at Paris.
THAT GREAT COMPOSER, THE CHEVALIER MEYERBEER, has arranged to visit this Country to bring out the
CAMP DE SILESIE,

The principal Parts in the **CAMP DE SILESIE,** by
MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND, AND SIG. FRASCHINI.
THE CELEBRATED DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

Will likewise visit England, and produce an Opera expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, the Libretto, founded on

THE TEMPEST

OF SHAKESPEARE, WRITTEN BY M. SCRIBE.

MIRANDA, MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND, CALIBAN, HERR STAUDIGL,
FERDINAND, Sig. CARDONI, PROSPERO, Sig. LABLACHE.
 It is likewise announced with great satisfaction, that Signor VERDI, having recovered from his severe illness, has expressly composed for this Theatre, a
 new Opera, of which the plot is founded on the **ROBBERI OF SCHILLER.**
 Rossini's Opera of **ROBERT BRUCE,** lately produced at the *Académie Royale*, has also been secured.

MADAME CASTELLAN, SANCHIOLI, & MONTENEGRO: Signori **CARDONI, SUPERCHI, & FRASCHINI,** will appear before Easter.
MAD^{LE}. JENNY LIND, whose engagement commences in March, and extends until the end of the Season, will appear immediately after Easter.

In addition to the above, SEVERAL OPERAS, new to this Country, will be produced, and the *renardière* will be selected from the *Chef-d'œuvres* of
MOZART, CIMAROSA, ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, MERCADANTE, BELLINI, &c.

The strictest attention has been paid to all the details, so that an ensemble may be presented perfect in all its parts.
A NUMEROUS ORCHESTRA, of the most distinguished talent and power, has been selected from some of the best orchestras of Europe, combined
 with former meritorious Artists of the Establishment.

THE CHORUS has been chosen with the greatest care from Italy, Germany, and England, and will comprise upwards of **EIGHTY PERFORMERS.**

Arrangements for the Ballet.

MAD^{LE}. CARLOTTA CRISI, MAD^{LE}. LUCILE GRAHN, AND MAD^{LE}. CERITO.

In addition to which, an Engagement has been made with

MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI,

(Of La Scala, at Milan; and other great Theatres of Italy,) who will make her First Appearance on the First Night of the Season in a New
BALLET, expressly composed and arranged for her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

MAD^{LE}. WAUTHIER, MADAME PETIT STEPHAN;
MAD^{LE}. HONORE, MAD^{LE}. ELISE MONTFORT,
MAD^{LE}. THEVENOT, JULIEN, L'AMOURDUX, EMILE, FANNY PASCALES, and BERTIN,

MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE BAUCOURT.

In consequence of the enthusiastic manner in which this eminent Artiste was received last season, hopes are entertained that
MAD^{LE}. TAGLIONI,

May be induced to appear for a limited number of performances.
M. ST. LEON, M. D'OR, M. GOSSELIN, M. DI MATTIA, Sig. VEMARA, M. GOURIET,
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Composer of the Ballet Music,

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 Sous Maître de Ballet, **M. GOSSELIN.**

Principal Artist,

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M. CASATI, of La Scala, AND M. PERROT.
 Répétiteur de la Danse, **M. PETIT.**

AN ORIGINAL GRAND BALLET will be produced, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by the celebrated Poet
HENRI HEINE, on a subject selected from the Old **LEGENDS OF GERMANY;** and also
A Novel and Poetical BALLET, for the subject of which the Establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished Poetess, entitled **EGGRIA.**
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LA CONSTELLATION.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THE SAME NUMBER OF NIGHTS AS LAST SEASON.

THE THEATRE WILL OPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

When will be produced, for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, **DONIZETTI's** admired Opera of **LA FAVORITA;**
 In which **SIG. CARDONI AND SIG. SUPERCHI** will make their first appearance in this Country; and an
 Entirely **NEW BALLET,** by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI;** in which **MAD^{LE}. CAROLINE ROSATI** will appear.

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 Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed post paid. To be had of **G. FURNESS, Dean**
 Street, Soho; **Strange, Paternoster Row;** **Wiseheart, Dublin;** and all Booksellers.—Saturday, January 30th, 1847.